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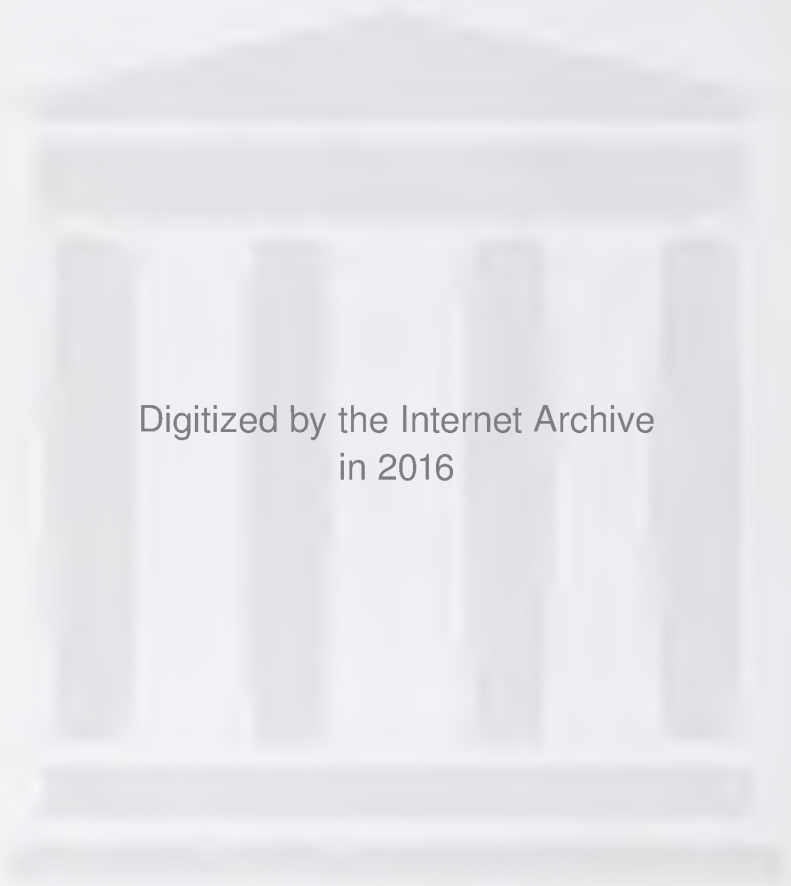
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EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON

Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

EDWARD W. ROBERTSON

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM THE STATE OF LOUISIANA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTIETH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1889.

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JOINT RESOLUTION providing for the printing of the eulogies on the life and character of EDWARD W. ROBERTSON, deceased, late a Representative in Congress from Louisiana.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of Ameriea in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON, a Representative in the Fiftieth Congress from the State of Louisiana, twelve thousand five hundred copies, of which three thousand shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand five hundred for the use of the House of Representatives, and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON, to accompany said eulogies; and for the purpose of engraving and printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, March 1, 1889.

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

DEATH OF EDWARD W. ROBERTSON.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

December 16, 1887.

Mr. BLANCHARD. Mr. Speaker, the sad duty devolves upon me of making to this House the announcement of the death of my late colleague, Hon. EDWARD W. ROBERTSON, late a member-elect to this House from the State of Louisiana, who died in August last, and to present to the House resolutions of respect to his memory.

I ask that the resolutions be read, and beg leave to state that I will call them up later, at the proper time, for further consideration, and for the expression, by members of the House, of the esteem in which the memory of the deceased is held.

The resolutions were read, as follows :

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. EDWARD W. ROBERTSON, late a member of this House from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Clerk of this House to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these proceedings to the Senate.

Mr. BLANCHARD. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until Monday.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

JANUARY 19, 1888.

The SPEAKER. To-day at 3 o'clock has been fixed by order of the House for the "delivery of tributes to the memory of Hon. EDWARD W. ROBERTSON, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana."

Mr. BLANCHARD. I offer the resolution which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That in his demise the country has suffered the loss of a wise legislator, a valuable citizen, and an able and faithful public servant.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLANCHARD, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. Speaker, the resolutions which have just been read cause this House to pause in the consideration of its regular business, and call upon its members to reflect that death is no respecter of persons, and invades the council chamber of a great nation as freely as it does the lowly habitation of its humblest citizen.

The inscrutable fate of mortal man, and, indeed, of all living things upon this terrestrial sphere, is that none escape its icy grasp. It shuns neither the palace of the great and

powerful nor the hovel of the most wretched and degraded. It is familiar in the frequented haunts of men, and is equally present in the seclusion of the closet or the solitude of the wilderness. Science, with all its vaunted progress, has not yet learned the lesson of prolonging the average of life, much less the obliteration of death.

"All who live must die," is the immutable condition upon which existence, as we understand it, is assumed.

When we consider that the choice of life, or its rejection, upon this condition, is not permitted us, life indeed were a bitter irony were death the end of all.

To live but to die, and death being "absolute destruction, total annihilation, utter obliteration," were a fate so cruel and relentless as to suggest that the twin furies of injustice and hate presided at its conception, instead of the divine attributes of justice, love, and mercy.

The argument proves too much. It leads to conclusions which cause the rejection of its premises.

Aside from divine revelation, it is at variance with an indefinable something evolved from the inner consciousness, the soul, of man.

It is not consonant with what we see in all the universe—the light and beauty, the harmony, law, order, symphony, which pervades all the heavens, which characterizes the celestial bodies and directs their movements.

That the Infinite Power which created man has ordained for him a grander destiny than to live in mortal form only and die to annihilation is an eternal truth, whispered in the music of the celestial spheres, and whose effulgence reaches and quickens the soul of man.

Mr. Speaker, these thoughts suggest themselves in contemplating the demise of the good man to pay tribute to whose memory we are now assembled.

EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON was born in Davidson County, Tennessee, on the 13th day of June, 1823. His father was William Blount Robertson, the fourth son of General James Robertson, one of the pioneers of middle Tennessee.

In 1826 the father of young ROBERTSON moved to Louisiana and engaged in planting in the parish of Iberville, where he amassed a fortune.

The early life of the subject of our sketch was passed in the usual manner of the sons of wealthy Southerners. The leisure and opportunity which characterized life for the owner and his family upon a large, well-appointed plantation in the South in *ante-bellum* days were utilized by young ROBERTSON in studying and reading, for which he early developed a fondness, as well as in manly exercise, such as riding and driving, and in the sports of the field, such as hunting and fishing.

In 1839 his father died, leaving him, at the age of sixteen, lord of himself, with a competency, so far as fortune was concerned.

His education was acquired in various schools and colleges, and completed at the Nashville University, Tennessee, where he graduated in 1844.

An episode in his life at this time was a visit he paid to General Andrew Jackson at the Hermitage. The old hero had known his grandfather, General Robertson, and as a boy had associated with his father. So he welcomed with much cordiality the son to his hospitable home.

Colonel ROBERTSON never forgot this visit to the grand old man, and was wont to remark to his friends in after life that his political ideas were given direction and his political principles strengthened and confirmed by this early interview with "Old Hickory."

After leaving the Nashville College, young ROBERTSON

decided to adopt the law as a profession, and entered upon a course of study to that end. While pursuing his studies war with Mexico was proclaimed. At the call for volunteers he threw down his law books and assisted in raising a large company, in which he himself enlisted, taking the position of orderly sergeant, having refused with characteristic modesty a higher command. His company became part of the Second Louisiana Regiment and saw service in Mexico.

Returning to Louisiana after his term of enlistment had expired, he married, in 1847, Mary Jane Pope, daughter of Dr. Nathaniel Wells Pope, a prominent citizen of Louisiana. His married life was an unusually happy one. Domestic in his tastes and persuaded by the gentler feelings which find fullest development in the charmed circle around the fireside, he loved home and its endearments, and no presence was as grateful to him as that of his wife, and no music charmed him so much as the prattle of his children. Twelve were born of this marriage, of whom eight survive him, and one of them, the second son, following in the footsteps of his distinguished father, is now the able and popular Representative in the Congress of the United States of the same constituency, and occupies in this House the same seat so long and so creditably filled by him whose life and character is our theme to-day. Truly it is a case of the mantle of the father descending on the son.

The political life of Colonel ROBERTSON commenced soon after his marriage, in 1847. The parish of Iberville, where he then lived, had for years been a strong Whig parish. Yet, notwithstanding this, having been nominatad by the Democrats of the parish as their candidate for the legislature in 1847, he was elected by a large majority. He served a term, but declined a re-election.

In 1850 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of his profession in the town of Plaquemine, the county seat of Iberville Parish.

In 1854, yielding to the solicitations of his Democratic friends in the parish, he was again elected to the legislature. During this term of service he advocated the policy of making the construction of levees to protect the alluvial lands from periodical floods a State work, which policy had never before been adopted. He maintained that levees were of more than local importance, and that their cost should be borne by the whole State, since, directly or indirectly, all the people shared in the benefits of the protection. He urged that the benefits resulting from a complete levee system were general and wide-spread, and the works too great and costly a burden to be borne by the riparian owners.

While he did not succeed in grafting this policy in full upon the legislation of the State, his efforts in this direction resulted in a law which made it incumbent upon the general public to bear one-half the expense of levee building, the other half to be borne by the riparian owners directly benefited. Thus did he become one of the fathers of the levee system of the State.

His course in the legislature gained him much prominence and popularity throughout the State, and this resulted in his nomination and election as State auditor in 1857. He was re-elected, and served faithfully and well in this capacity until 1862. At this time he was a fine type of the Southern gentleman. Handsome, dignified, of a cheerful disposition, in easy circumstances, and the possessor of a happy and hospitable home, life's pathway to him seemed bright and joyous.

But the shock of resounding arms in fratricidal strife was soon to break the enchantment of the scene. War—civil war,

grim and hideous, with all its horror and desolation—broke upon the country. The call to arms was heard throughout the land, and Colonel ROBERTSON, partaking of the spirit which animated his section of the country, raised a company of one hundred and fifty men in Iberville Parish, was elected captain, and left for the seat of war. His company was enrolled as Company D, Twenty-seventh Regiment Louisiana Infantry. Its local name was the Iberville Guards. With his command he was ordered to Vicksburg, and participated in the bombardments, engagements, and siege which have made that city celebrated in history and caused the fame of its assailants and defenders to be recorded in story and song. He remained at Vicksburg until its surrender.

Among other events of the war in which he took part prior to being stationed at Vicksburg was the battle of Baton Rouge, on the 5th of August, 1862, in which he served as volunteer aid to General Ruggles.

At the close of hostilities he returned to Louisiana and settled with his family at Baton Rouge, where he resumed the practice of the law.

All of his property had been swept away by the storm of war. It was the common fate of all, or nearly all, and he complained not. He addressed himself with quiet determination to the task of supporting, amid greatly altered conditions, a large family, and with commendable fortitude battled bravely against poverty, always the heritage of desolating war. A remunerative practice enabled him to build up a comfortable home in the capital city of his State, and there, avoiding for years the allurements of official station, he quietly enjoyed the tranquil happiness of domestic life, so congenial to his disposition.

In 1876 the Democracy of the Sixth Congressional district

of Louisiana nominated him as their candidate for Congress. It seemed like a forlorn hope, but so great was the esteem in which he was held, even by members of the opposite party, that he was elected.

This was to the Forty-fifth Congress, a Democratic Congress, which elected as its Speaker that distinguished Pennsylvania Democrat, Samuel J. Randall, still a member and a leader of this House, full of honors, but not of years, with other honors, I trust, higher and better, yet to be pressed upon him by a grateful party and an appreciative country.

Mr. Randall, recognizing the ability of Colonel ROBERTSON, made him chairman of the Committee on Levees and Improvement of the Mississippi River, notwithstanding it was his first term of service in a new and untried arena. He was peculiarly fitted for this position. He had been reared on the banks of the Mississippi River, had watched the rise of the floods and the fall thereof, and, in short, had that experience with the great river and that knowledge of its phenomena which enabled him to deal successfully with the subjects referred to his committee.

He took a leading part in framing and passing through Congress the legislation creating the Mississippi River Commission. This bill was reported from the committee of which he was chairman, and as such he had charge of it on the floor of the House and of the time allowed for debate. It came up for consideration in June, 1879, and an interesting incident of that day's proceedings was the following: General Garfield, then a member of the House, sent a page across the hall to his desk with the request to yield him ten minutes' time in support of the bill. Colonel ROBERTSON was only too glad to do this, appreciating his liberal and broad-gauge statesmanship on all great questions of national importance, and knowing the ability and eloquence with

which he would handle the subject, and of his great influence with the Republican side of the House. General Garfield thus closed the debate in one of his masterly speeches, which carried conviction with every sentence, and the liberal sentiments he expressed were greeted with applause on both sides of the House.

The bill passed by a vote of 166 for it as against 11 in opposition, and passed the Senate by a vote of 48 to 4.

Colonel ROBERTSON was re-elected to the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses. In the Forty-sixth he again served as chairman of the Committee on Levees and Improvement of the Mississippi River, and it was during this Congress that the commission bill was passed, as previously referred to.

At the end of his service in the Forty-seventh Congress he returned to the practice of his profession, and continued in private life until 1886, when he was again, and for the fourth time, nominated and elected to Congress.

This was the Fiftieth Congress. His term of service began March 4, 1887, but he never lived to occupy the seat. On the 2d of August, 1887, he died at his residence in the city of Baton Rouge, after an illness of about two weeks, of asthma and bronchial affection, from which he had suffered for several years. His remains were interred in Magnolia Cemetery, near Baton Rouge, with religious services after the forms of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and amid the impressive ceremonies of the order of Free Masonry, of which he was a member.

On the receipt of the news of his death the governor of the State issued an executive order, as follows :

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Baton Rouge, August 2, 1887.

It becomes my painful duty to announce officially the death of Hon. EDWARD W. ROBERTSON, an eminent and distinguished citizen of this

State, which event occurred to-day at 1 o'clock. The deceased had served his district three consecutive terms in Congress, and was re-elected again to the Fiftieth Congress. During his public career he had served his State and district well and faithfully, and was devoted to their interests. His services in behalf of the levees were valuable and important. The state-house will be closed on the day of his funeral, and the flag displayed at half-mast at the capitol building.

Done and signed this 2d day of August, 1887.

S. D. McENERY,
Governor.

The death of a man so prominent and so useful to his State was everywhere received with manifestations of sorrow and regret. Since his majority he had been associated with well-nigh every campaign of the Democratic party in Louisiana.

Possessed of great firmness of purpose and of considerable oratorical ability, he was a man of force, and always commanded attention on the hustings and in the halls of legislation. He was justly regarded as one of the ablest advocates in his section of the State in the practice of the criminal law.

The high esteem in which he was held by the members of the bar is attested by the following extract, taken from the resolutions adopted by the bar of the parish of West Baton Rouge on receiving news of his death :

Resolved, That in his death the legal profession loses one of its brightest ornaments ; the parish, a good, noble, and faithful servant, and the State at large one of its worthiest sons.

With what might be called the professional politician class, Colonel ROBERTSON enjoyed no great degree of popularity. His ways were too direct, his frankness too great, his methods too simple and open. There was something about him which impressed all who came in contact with him that here was a man of conviction and force ; a man of resolve and earnest-

ness ; a man of a lofty conception of duty and the courage to essay its full performance ; a man who could not be swayed or swerved from the straight line of what he deemed to be right—in short, a man who could not be used for purposes ulterior to those legitimately connected with the position he filled or aspired to fill.

But with the masses of the common people, with the small farmers and landholders, the mechanics and laborers, he was universally popular. These instinctively regarded him as their friend ; they intuitively felt that a warmer and fuller sympathy existed in him for and towards them than was the case with most of the public men they met, and as a consequence no man in his district stood closer to them than he, or could rely so securely upon their support. Early in his acquaintance with the people bonds of union and ties of good-will and friendship were formed and cemented which continued to the day of his death, and made possible the useful and honorable career at the bar and in public life which was his.

Colonel Robertson was an ardent sportsman, and his passion for the rod and gun never abated, and continued strong in him to the day of his death.

All through his life he enjoyed no recreation as much as he did the "camp hunts" for deer, which in his day, as now, were in vogue in Louisiana. With a few boon companions—genial spirits of a kindred nature—with their horns and hounds and guns and saddle-horses, accompanied or followed by a wagon or two loaded with provisions and sundries for the maintenance and comfort of the inner man and beast, with Cuffee to cook and Sambo to "tend camp," he would go forth a day's journey into the piney woods of the Florida parishes of Louisiana, and there for a week or so engage in the delightful sport of chasing the deer or bear,

or decoying the wild turkey, which abound amid the fastnesses and solitude of their native forests, or else, varying the sport, in beating the limpid streams of the neighborhood with troll and fly for the sportive trout and the predatory pike and jack-fish.

And around the camp-fire at night, with bountiful good cheer and hearty welcome for "the natives" who visited camp, his guests and himself would entertain each other and them by stories of deeds of prowess, cunning, and skill wrought in the sportsman's line on that occasion and others.

These annual camp hunts afforded him that relaxation which he liked best from the exactions of business or the cares and annoyances incident to public life.

While making no pretensions to piety, Colonel ROBERTSON was a man of deep religious convictions, and died at peace with the world and with his God. He was a great reader of the Bible. Scarcely a day passed without his reading a chapter or two before going to his breakfast. His favorite chapter in the good book was the Thirty-seventh Psalm, the key-note of which is, "Trust in the Lord and do good."

As a public man, Colonel ROBERTSON leaves a long record of useful and honorable service, which his State remembers with gratitude, and of which his descendants in this and future generations may well be proud.

Address of Mr. Hooker, of Mississippi.

Mr. Speaker, the invitation of the Louisiana delegation upon this floor requesting me to participate in these services in commemoration of the memory of our departed fellow-member occurs out of the fact that I had the honor to serve with him in this body in the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses.

Representing, as he did, a conterminous State to my own, with similar interests, we were naturally thrown much together, and I had the honor to be called "his friend." We served together for a long period in the Congress of the United States, and I am gratified to be able to avail myself of this occasion, without preparation in writing, to express the sentiments I held towards this deceased brother of our body.

He came into the Congress of the United States one session after I had become a member, and, as has been well said by his distinguished colleague [Mr. Blanchard] who has just addressed you, the appreciation of his services and of his ability and his fitness for the position to which his people had elected him was demonstrated by the fact that the unusual honor was conferred upon him of being made the chairman of one of the most important committees on this floor. He was selected to preside over that committee which had in charge the interest particular to the valley of the Mississippi River, being the Committee on the Mississippi Levees. As chairman of that committee he was the author of the bill, which finally became a law, creating the Mississippi River Commission. He was the originator, Mr. Speaker, I may say, of that tardy act of justice to the largest body of water which flows through our continent, embracing so many thousand miles of navigable waters. It had been

the recipient of but little of patronage on the part of the Government in the way of improvement of its navigation and commerce. And as chairman of that committee he is entitled to the honor of inaugurating the policy of making adequate improvements for the great stream, draining, as it does, with its vast tributaries, twenty-four States and six Territories of the Union, and containing within its watersheds a vast proportion of the population of this country.

He had been previously honored by his State, as has been well said, by being selected as its representative in its legislature. He had twice been chosen its auditor of accounts. He served with distinction in no high rank in the Army in Mexico, for he belonged to the rank and file of minor officers and men whose valor forges the epaulets which adorn the shoulders of the commanding general. He served with equal distinction in the late war between the States ; again in his modesty declining a high position, and seeking simply to discharge his duty, he assumed the humble rôle of captain of his company, declining to be the colonel of his regiment. He served in the Walnut Hills of Vicksburg side by side with myself during the entire siege of that great city. His services there are familiar to me, and his esteem amongst the men with whom he served I was cognizant of.

The last occasion I had, sir, the pleasure to grasp him by the hand was when he came with his comrades from Louisiana on the 11th of June, 1887, to Vicksburg to present to the good ladies of that city the monument which the affectionate regard of the survivors erected over the gallant men of Louisiana who lay buried on those battle-fields. I there had the pleasure for the last time to see him when the good ladies of that city of Vicksburg assembled to receive at the hands of the delegation from Louisiana the monument their gratitude reared to the valor of their comrades who had fallen by

their side. I congratulated him on his splendid health. I congratulated him on his recovery from the accident which had prostrated him. He had then been elected a member of this Congress, and I had hoped to have the pleasure of greeting him here as I had the honor of doing in former times, and to work side by side with him in behalf of the common interests of our common country. But that pleasure, by the fiat of Him to whose decree we all bow with humility, has been denied to me as to other members of this body who knew him so well. He was suddenly taken away. But his mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of that son who represents in this House the same Congressional district, being, I believe, among the youngest of its members; and I can wish him no better fortune than to inherit the principles of right and justice, of equity and fair dealing, and the high moral sense of duty which distinguished his eminent father. And as I had the pleasure to enjoy the friendship of the father, I hope also that I shall share with him in the same affection that it was my honor to share with his father.

It has been said, sir, by the great poet whose magic hand sweeps across the chords of the human heart and evokes from it every emotion that agitates it, from the cradle to the grave, that there is nothing which men fear so much as death. To use his own memorable expression—

> The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
> That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
> Can lay on nature, is a paradise
> To what we fear of death.

That may be true, Mr. Speaker, in a general sense. But to the firm and true man, to the man of honest convictions and upright actions, to the brave man who can die only once, if he be armed with those convictions of right, those sentiments of morality, which so prominently distinguished our

dead brother, death has few terrors. For while Mr. ROBERTSON was not one who thrust his religious views upon those with whom he was associated, he possessed such convictions in an eminent degree. In common with the whole of humanity, he acknowledged our dependence upon the Great Master whose arm sustains us all; and while it is not wonderful that among the intelligent, the educated, the right-thinking, a sense of religion should govern, I doubt whether there be in all the world one so vile that, when the hour of affliction and trial comes upon him, he does not in his inner heart acknowledge his dependence upon Him who rules us all. It is but the re-echoing of the sentiment which came from one of the Master's apostles. When, undertaking to walk upon the water, he sank to the arm-pits and heard the gurgling waters singing the requiem of death, he uttered that sentiment which comes from the heart of all in the hour of affliction, "Save, Lord, or I perish."

To the brave, I have said, it comes to die only once, and EDWARD W. ROBERTSON was brave in his convictions, brave in his sense of right, brave in his actions; courageous, possibly to a fault, firm in his convictions, he never yielded what he thought was right, either on this floor or wherever else he had to perform the duties of a man to his fellow-citizens, to his country, and to his God. I know of no one whom it has been my good fortune to meet here, among many distinguished men with whom I have associated on this floor, who better deserves that magnificent comment which was made by the old Latin poet hundreds of years ago, when, in describing the just, true, virtuous, upright, unconquerable man, he used these memorable words:

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

Address of Mr. Browne, of Indiana.

Mr. Speaker, it is said that the "remorseless past stands ever near, breathing through the broken chords of life its never-ending dirge." The past will be repeated through all time. Sorrows are woven into the web and woof of every life's experience, and on each day as it passes the cries of the bereaved break upon the ear. Death invades every habitation, and "life after life flowers out from the darkness but to sink back into it again."

How often these truths force themselves upon us. During my short service in this House thirty-eight members of Congress have joined the "great majority." Neither friends, nor love, nor renown could rescue them from the remorseless destroyer. In these brief years each State of the Republic has inscribed notable names on the death-roll; my own, those of Morton and Hendricks and Orth; and Louisiana, the loss of whose honored son we lament to-day, those of Leonard and Hahn and Robertson. Death touched these distinguished men, laborers with us here, and they put aside the burdens of this weary life and passed out of sight. "Dying they have left a memory like the breath of summers full of sunshine."

Allow me on this sad occasion to pay my humble tribute to the memory of Edward W. Robertson. My acquaintance with him, although brief, was indeed a most pleasant one. It began and ended with his term as Representative here. I saw him first at the meeting of the Forty-ninth Congress, in October, 1877; often met him during that and the subsequent Congresses in which he served, and we were for a time domiciled under the same roof. Of his home life,

of the details of his life-history, his labors and achievements without this body, I have no personal knowledge; but one so often selected by his neighbors for responsible public trusts must have held a high place in their esteem. That he was twice chosen auditor of public accounts for the great State of Louisiana and four times a Representative to this House, by a people who had known him long and well, is an eloquent testimonial to the excellence of his private life.

Honorable distinction like this is won by those only who merit it. The citizen who could thus succeed must have been well equipped for his work and prepared to "seize the opportunity as it passed." The world only pushes a man the way he has made up his mind to go; "if he would go upward it pushes him upward." Those only who stand near one, who view his life in every change of circumstance, who see him in shadow and in sunshine, can accurately estimate him. While my relations to EDWARD W. ROBERTSON were not intimate, I was a witness to his work here. He impressed me as an active and vigilant Representative; as one who had a watchful eye to all that concerned the welfare of his people. He brought to his work a force of will, a quickness of perception, that made him a valuable public servant.

He did courageously whatever duty bid him do. His methods were at all times plain, direct, and conscientious. In social intercourse he eschewed the mere mannerisms of the times, and was affable and courteous to all. His mental processes seemed robust, rather than critical—impulsive, rather than reflective. He did not often address the House, and his speeches were suggestive of strength of thought more than of elegance of expression. He did not hesitate to attack when duty directed it.

When he believed a corporation of his State—one of immense wealth and of almost unlimited influence—had become

an infamous scheme to rob the people, he defied its power and denounced it in language as forcible as it was bitter. From a speech made by him in this House against this iniquity, I quote: -

> Its unscrupulous audacity is only equaled by the secrecy of its counsels. It acts without warning, it strikes without premonition, and the cries of its victims are drowned in the arrogant exultations over its success. It possesses the power, which it ruthlessly exerts, to plunder the ignorant and unwary of sixty millions, and its dupes may be found in every corner of this vast empire. A monopoly of the worst description, and backed by both national and State authority, it laughs to scorn the impotent efforts of its enemies to arrest it in its course. Every official, judicial, legislative, and executive, is at its beck, and those who dispute its power are summarily removed to give place to more pliant tools. Where gold can not reach, it finds in a venal press the way to crush and destroy.
>
> No power is too high to attack, no means too low to use, when it suits the policy of its action. It illustrates the saying of Coke, "It not only possesses no soul, but it is equally destitute of all pity, all mercy, and all remorse." Once entangled in its meshes there is no escape for its dupes.

This was a vigorous and manly protest against a monster iniquity which, intrenched in its wealth and in its social and political power, was debauching the public sentiment and defying the moral sense of the nation. His courageous attack on this colossal swindle was applauded by good people everywhere.

No one who served with him will forget the lively interest he took in all legislation looking to the improvement of the levees and navigation of the Mississippi River. Nothing tending to improve this, the greatest of our inland waterways, failed to secure his support. Of the friends of liberal appropriations for our rivers and harbors, he was among the most active and pronounced.

In that struggle which brought sorrow to so many hearts he went with his people, and shared with them its dangers and sufferings. Of this I do not speak to either condemn or approve. To this sad epoch in our history he never re-

ferred but to deplore it. I believe he sincerely rejoiced that "from under the blood-stained sod of our battle-fields there had sprung a new and more vigorous growth" of freedom and brotherhood. Those who joined on either side of this terrible conflict are rapidly passing away, and time, with generous hand, is engaged in removing its every wound from wood and field.

Nature is teaching us a lesson. As if to show its abhorrence of the bloody and desolating struggle, it is fast removing its landmarks from the face of the earth. It has effaced the furrows plowed by shot and shell, and out of the track of the cannon and the war steed are springing verdure and flowers. Peace and plenty smile in the places laid waste by our devasting campaigns. The yellow grain ripens on the hillside—

> Where swelled the white tent;
> There are plows in the field where the war-wagons went.

The good angel is mellowing the hates and bitterness born of the struggle, inspiring a common pride in our matchless institutions and a love of country that will make our Union inseparable forever.

Sad occasions like this start afresh the currents of our better natures; they soften our asperities and tend to restore that fraternal feeling which is the chief source of our strength and our glory as a people. They make us feel that life is too short for hates, and on the tragedy of blood, in which each played his part, they invoke that generous charity which forgets and forgives. In death's presence how deformed and sinful hate appears! How ambition shrivels into nothingness when we are made to see that he who but yesterday was full-armored for the battle is to-day—

> A brother to the insensible rock,
> And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
> Turns on his shovel.

But, Mr. Speaker, I will not interrupt these proceedings further. With EDWARD W. ROBERTSON—

> Life's fitful fever is over.

He sleeps with the fathers. "He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him more."

> We question vainly. Yet it somehow pleases,
> When they have spoken the last good-by,
> It somehow half the pain of parting eases,
> That in the sky,
> In the vast solitudes of stars and spaces,
> There may be conciousness and life and hope,
> And that when we must yield to death's embraces
> There may be scope
> For the unfolding of the better powers,
> So sadly stifled in this life of ours.

ADDRESS OF MR. RANDALL, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. Speaker, my acquaintance with Mr. EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON began in the Forty-fifth Congress, when he came to take the seat to which he had been elected from the Sixth Congressional district of Louisiana. It was not long before his associates in legislation discovered his real worth and sterling qualities of mind and heart, and it is a source of sorrow to me to-day that time and strength do not permit me to do that full justice to his memory which my disposition prompts. But I was unwilling on an occasion like this to remain silent for reasons that must be entirely understood by those about me.

It has been already said that in the Forty-fifth Congress I, as Speaker of that body, appointed him chairman of the Committee on Mississippi Levees. He was re-appointed

by me in the Forty-sixth Congress. The appointment was made after a painstaking inquiry, and a full conference with those Representatives who then had this great undertaking directly in charge; and I can say that he brought to the discharge of the duty to which I assigned him intense and unceasing industry, great energy of mind, and full knowledge of the subject, and in consequence he secured the confidence of the House and the success of the measure which was placed in his charge. His selection for this duty was prompted by two considerations: First, I thought that such an undertaking as the Mississippi levees should be committed to the care of its friends; and second, I thought that such position should be given to one who was capable of doing justice to a measure which was calculated to be of lasting benefit to those he represented.

I was not mistaken in that selection. It was true that he was deeply concerned in the welfare of his immediate constituents who lived along the banks of the Mississippi River, but, so far as my observation extended and I was able to judge from his action in this House, he never allowed himself to forget the larger duties which he owed to the interest of the whole country.

He was a man modest and without pretension, but he was righteous in the search for truth as to every subject to which he applied his mind. His gentle and winning courtesy drew to him hosts of friends. He was greatly honored by his own people, who knew him best, to the hour of his death. Such lives are the solid foundation upon which our institutions, if successful, must rest.

Address of Mr. Holman, of Indiana.

Mr. Speaker, I was not a member of the House during the first two terms of service of Edward W. Robertson. My acquaintance with him began with the Forty-seventh Congress. In a body so large as this House, composed of gentlemen drawn together from every district and Territory of the Union, constantly occupied with exacting public duties, acquaintances are not rapidly formed; but it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of Mr. Robertson soon after the meeting of the Forty-seventh Congress, which ripened into a cordial friendship. We were members of the same committee during that Congress.

Mr. Robertson was in that Congress as a Democrat, a member of the minority. It is often assumed that members of the minority, not being directly responsible for legislation, are less attentive to the current proceedings of the House than members of the majority. This is not true as a general rule. It was not true as to Mr. Robertson. He was one of the most vigilant and attentive of the members, carefully noting every step in the current proceedings of the House, and never losing sight of the great agricultural and commercial interests of his great and beautiful State.

Louisiana and her great commercial city always have occupied, and always must occupy, a most important and interesting relation to the Union. Her magnificent delta, inexhaustible in fertility, reclaimed from the ocean by the plastic forces of nature toiling on through the countless centuries, covered with rich cane-fields and the golden fruits of the tropics, and warmed by the genial sunlight of eternal spring, may challenge the fairest valleys of the globe to a

comparison. Her geographical relations to the Union are, if possible, still more interesting. Resting upon the Gulf of Mexico, she is the especial guardian of the outlet to the ocean of the commerce of the prosperous Commonwealths that border upon the great river of the continent. It was a safe prediction of the First Consul of France, when he surrendered this inviting region to the United States, that the nation that should hold the mouth of the Mississippi would be the foremost of the nations.

Mr. ROBERTSON represented and guarded the important interests of his State with marked ability and patient industry. He addresse l the House during the Forty-seventh Congress in an able and carefully considered speech in behalf of the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi, in connection with the other great water-ways of the central portions of the Union. He discussed the important sugar industry of his State in the broad spirit of an American statesman. But while the services of Mr. ROBERTSON were of great value to his State, the enduring honor that gathers around his name and memory, in my judgment, rests upon a measure having no direct relation to her material interests—a measure of a class which seldom obtained a hearing in the halls of Congress, involving the tone of a just public sentiment, the moral well-being of our people—the protection of the feeble against the wiles and artifices of scheming avarice and of legalized deception and fraud.

In an evil hour, in the midst of the disorder incident to the late civil war, a lottery had been incorporated in Louisiana with immense powers, which, reaching out into all sections of the Union and bloated with ill-gotten wealth, defied public opinion and denounced its vengeance on any citizen who should call in question its dishonest methods. EDWARD W. ROBERTSON challenged the right of this corporation to em-

ploy the mails—the postal system of the Union—to distribute the seductive poison of the passion for gambling among the people of the United States.

He brought a protest against it of the just moral sentiment of the American people into this Hall, and gave it a voice. He demanded that the grand postal system of the United States, devised by Franklin, designed to diffuse the light of intelligence over the whole land and elevate the whole people—an agency of Government intended to reach with beneficence every fireside and home—should not be degraded to the wretched employment of enticing the young, the unwary, the feeble, into the den of the gambler—into the toils of a mercenary and merciless corporation whose wealth only expressed the deluded hope, the agony and despair, of its victims!

Congress, from time to time, had enacted provisions of law partially withdrawing from such schemes of fraud the use of the mails. Mr. ROBERTSON sought to uproot the evil "by prohibiting the transportation through the mails of publications containing lottery advertisements." If the publishers of newspapers thought proper to sell their columns to gamblers and aid them in their fraudulent schemes, the postal agencies, designed for the good of the people, should be closed against them. It was an effectual remedy, perhaps the only effectual remedy, for a great evil.

Mr. ROBERTSON'S speech in support of this bill was delivered in the House on the 23d day of February, 1883. It was his last and greatest work in this House. That speech alone entitles EDWARD W. ROBERTSON to a high place in the history of his country. It is a great speech, rendered important and of high moment by reason of the great evil it assailed. The occasion placed him in a commanding position. He stood up as the champion of the best moral sentiment of the

American people, of the virtuous home and the honest firesides; he denounced, in words that burned, the infamy of the traffic that amassed wealth by playing upon the groundless hopes, the credulity, excited passions, and the very weakness and frailty of its victims. In his argument there is no parleying and faltering. This mercenary power, although clothed with the forms of law, that amasses wealth by preying upon the feeble and the poor, must be crushed out!

While the argument of Mr. ROBERTSON was directed against this seductive and vicious form of gambling in general, as fatal to the good morals of our people, it was especially directed against the corporation to which I have referred. It is a powerful philippic against that extraordinary feature in the legislation of a great State in the closing years of the nineteenth century. The following passage will indicate the vigor and force of his argument and the extraordinary power that such an institution may attain in a free government until the public sense of right is fully aroused:

> No power is too high to attack, no means too low to use, when it suits the policy of its action after being once determined. It illustrates the saying of Lord Coke, "It not only possesses no soul, but it is equally destitute of all pity, all mercy, and all remorse." Once entangled in its meshes there is no escape for its dupes. A bribe once accepted, the threat forever hangs over the head of its victim. And, strangest of all, the momentuum of its power, contracted by a long series of years of wrong-doing with impunity, has been so great that it can exist in defiance of all law, and defies the proof that it exists without a charter. It makes no public statements of its affairs, permits no inspection of its books, and its grasp of monopoly exercises all the police functions of an independent sovereignty allied with the inquisitorial power of a secret tribunal. It is a jealous mistress, and allows no rival within the fair domain of the State. None can plunder its subjects. It keeps their goods and possessions under guard against the attacks of kindred institutions.

EDWARD W. ROBERTSON delivered this great speech in this House on the 23d day of February, 1883, and a few days later left this Hall never to return.

His relations with the members of this House in the Forty-seventh Congress were pleasant and cordial. He was a disciple of Jefferson, and stood with unfaltering firmness by the principles of that great champion of the rights of the people. His bearing was that of an intelligent, frank, cordial gentleman; not obtrusive, but equal to any emergency that might arise; positive in his convictions, and prepared to stand by them under all conditions; an enemy of false pretense, subterfuge, and deceit, with a heart full of sympathy for the poor and the unfortunate.

EDWARD W. ROBERTSON was elected by the people of his district to the Fiftieth Congress, and, to the sincere regret of those who had enjoyed his friendship in Congress in former years, Providence decreed that he should never return, and a son worthily occupies his seat in this Hall. If, as the wisest and best of men in all ages have believed, the soul of man is immortal, who shall say that in the last moment, with the light of eternity breaking upon his vision, in the review of his life, his spirit was not buoyed up by the remembrance that he had boldly upheld in this Hall the cause of virtue, purity, and honor against a venal power that assailed them? "Peace to the just man's memory;" peace to his ashes; honor to his name.

Address of Mr. Henderson, of Illinois.

Mr. Speaker, it is not my purpose to speak at length on this occasion either as to the private character or the public services of Hon. Edward W. Robertson, to whose memory we this day pay tribute. That duty I leave to others more familiar with his life and character, and more competent to speak of them, than I am. But it was my pleasure to have served with Colonel Robertson in the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses, and during that time I had an opportunity to observe something of his character and services as a member of this body. And it gives me pleasure, Mr. Speaker, at this time, to contribute my testimony to the dignified and courteous as well as able and faithful manner in which he discharged his public duties as a Representative in Congress.

I can not say, Mr. Speaker, that our relations were intimate; but they were, from our first acquaintance, pleasant. We were natives of the same State, and from that fact, perhaps, we often met in a social way, and sometimes we came in contact with each other during the debates and proceedings of the House, and I ever found him genial and pleasant in social intercourse and a gentleman of high character for integrity and ability. That he was honest and conscientious, as well as able, earnest, and faithful in the discharge of his public duties while a member of this House, no one who served with and knew him will, I think, for one moment doubt.

As a Representative living on the Mississippi River, which flows through one of the richest, grandest, and most productive valleys in the world, he was earnest and untiring in

his efforts to secure the adoption of such measures as looked to the improvement of that great river, which with its tributaries gives to the great valley through which it flows 14,000 miles of navigable waters. I well remember how earnestly and with what ability he labored in that direction. I believe he was called the father of the Mississippi River Commission, and certainly he labored faithfully and diligently to establish it. And if the work of that commission shall only meet with the success which we hope it may, and result in a thorough improvement of the river and in preventing the annual loss of property which occurs from its overflow, it will add luster to the name of this able and faithful legislator.

The work of originating a plan for a thorough systematic improvement of the Mississippi River was perhaps the most important service of Colonel ROBERTSON while a Representative in Congress. But he was active in other directions and entitled to great credit for the earnest effort made by him to prevent and suppress lotteries. He made in the House, in February, 1883, an able and exhaustive speech in support of a bill introduced by him for that purpose, which exhibited not only a high standard of morals in legislation, but a high order of ability and research. That speech is well worthy of study by every friend of good morals. Among other acts of his while a member of this body, and which was in the interest of the people he represented, was a resolution introduced by him and passed through Congress withdrawing from public sale the public lands in the States of Louisiana and Florida during pending legislation, and reserving such lands for disposal under the homestead law. This resolution was intended to secure homes for the homeless and to keep the public lands out of the hands of speculators, and his action in that respect is worthy of all commendation.

I have referred to these acts of Colonel ROBERTSON, Mr. Speaker, merely to show something of his character as an able and faithful representative of his people and of the country.

Colonel ROBERTSON was a leading, prominent citizen of the State in which he lived from his infancy, and served his people in many positions of honor and trust, in peace and in war, and in all of them, I have no doubt, served them with fidelity and ability. I could well wish that part of his service in war which had for its purpose the dismemberment of the Union might be blotted out forever. But he no doubt was honest and sincere in his action, and I am glad to know that even before the war had fully ended he took upon himself a solemn oath in the presence of Almighty God that he would henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States. And that oath I have no doubt he faithfully kept until the day of his death.

Mr. Speaker, Colonel ROBERTSON was elected a member of this Congress. But he was not permitted by an all-wise Providence, to whose supreme will we must all bow, to take his seat here. And on the 2d day of August, 1887, he departed this life, honored and respected by the people among whom he lived and died. It was with deep regret, I know, that all of us who knew him heard the news of his death. But he, full of honors, has paid the debt from which there is no exemption to any of us, and, sooner or later, we must all follow him. All honor to his memory.

Address of Mr. Cox, of New York.

Mr. Speaker, in honoring a college-mate, Julian Hartridge, of Savannah, Ga., I said to this House that there were various relations which we sustained to each other, and that these relations often determined the members who were to speak in honor of those who had departed.

In these remarks I said:

> It would take a Psyche to assort and arrange the "confused" seeds out of which have grown so many and such endearing relations of regard and affection. Some of us live here under the same roof, some serve on the same committee, some take the same side on favorite themes, some have had in our changeful American life mutual friends who have brought them together, some are kind to each other by associatian in their own States, and others, though far distant, share early and delightful reminiscences, and among them that one which springs radiant out of the morning of life, enhanced and beautified by college partialities and studies.

My relations to Col. Edward White Robertson did not arise from any association upon any committee or upon any relations we sustained before we met in Congress, either State or otherwise, or from any congeniality upon special themes in which we were interested in our American legislation, but it so happened that we were thrown together in the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses; and, therefore, we became intimate. I knew something of the relations which he bore to public life. I had occasion to know something of the trials and hardships through which he had reached his manhood and his eminence.

We lay sometimes much stress, Mr. Speaker, upon the elements of blood or heredity, or perhaps these elements are related to associations connected with early and ancestral scenes and struggles.

I think the gentleman whom we honor to-day made the

character for which he is honored because of those early associations. By them he was inspired after he left the State of Tennessee, where he was born, and settled upon the Mississippi, with which he became so intimately bound.

The State of Tennessee has in its delegation to-day a gentleman whose education and refinement have led him within the paths of literature. I refer to the honorable member from Memphis [Mr. Phelan]. In the elegant history of his State he has thrown a romantic interest about the State of Jackson, Houston, Grundy, Sevier, Polk, and Robertson and others, pioneers, soldiers, statesmen, and heroes who overcame the wildness of the Tennessee and Cumberland valleys, and moved on outside of the borders of Tennessee for new States to institute and conquer.

Happening upon an old map of Tennessee, I noted that immediately south of the Kentucky line, but not wholly separated from the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky, within the crescent made by the Cumberland, which flows from the mountains on the east to the beautiful Ohio, the name of Robertson. His route from Cumberland Gap and from further beyond in the east, crossing the Cumberland River in Kentucky and reaching to Nashville, makes his name historic along with the State within whose borders his ancestors lived.

His grandfather was born in Nashville. He saw the light upon the banks of the Cumberland. That city is now the conspicuous center and capital of Tennessee. He traversed the districts represented by the gentlemen from Tennessee [Mr. McMillin and Mr. Washington.] It is the great, rich, limestone country of the Cumberland. This land creates crops and heroes.

The descendants of this pioneer sought the Mississippi River over the lands represented by my friend [Mr. Enloe].

He was of a sturdy class. Tennessee was separated by mountains from the older States of North Carolina and Virginia. Coming from an old Scotch stock, a tough element that never failed to resent indignity, while it righted wrong, it brought order out of the wilderness and prosperity out of every possible disaster.

From the Carolinas and from Virginia this stock had emigrated over the mountains. The names of the early counties of Tennessee—the Seviers, Sullivans, Waynes, Spencers, Caswells, Williamsons, Sumners, Wilsons, and the Montgomerys—indicate whole chapters of our heroic history; every man a pioneer or a Revolutionary hero. The incarnation of all this energy is Andrew Jackson.

Associated with such men and pervaded by such influences, the father of the man whom we honor, as early as 1826, when the son was but two years of age, moved from Tennessee to Louisiana. He engaged in planting cotton in the parish of Iberville. He became wealthy; he had wealth; he had more, he had good sense, and therefore he increased his capital. The social and cheerful spirit which he inherited from his father was transmitted to his son. That son is the subject to-day of our eulogies.

It is significant, sir, that when the father moved from Tennessee he settled upon the Mississippi at Baton Rouge. No less a stream than the Mississippi satisfied his ambitious movement and mind. The father died in 1839, leaving the son, sixteen years of age, with an ample fortune. By some reflux wave the son returned to Nashville. There he finished his education, in 1844, on the spot where his ancestors had blazed out through the forests their early adventures.

How Colonel Robertson performed his life-duty will be rehearsed by others who knew him better than myself. What influences he obtained from the celebrated Nashville con-

vention in 1844; how he was influenced in life by his visit to General Jackson at "The Hermitage," referred to by the gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. Blanchard]; what influences his communion with the old hero, who talked about General Robertson, his grandfather, may have had upon the young man's mind; how he was led from a life of uncertainty and repose to a life of study and labor, in which the law became his delight; what inducements led him to leap to the front an "orderly sergeant" in the Mexican war; what sweet, persuasive influences in 1847, after that war was over, came from his marriage with a beautiful and loving helpmate—these memories belong more to domestic than to political reminiscences.

His political life began upon the banks of the Mississippi. It began in the locality where it closed. It became famous in 1847, when he was promoted to the legislature in spite of the Whig majority which then prevailed. In 1850 he began earnestly his practice at the bar. In 1854 he was again sent to the legislature, and during that service he conceived the idea which was the great burden of his life. He made it the subject of conversation while he sat at my side. That idea was the utilization of the Mississippi, the building of levees to make that great river the grand highway of our interior commerce.

It was Mr. ROBERTSON who introduced and had passed a bill making it incumbent on the part of the State of Louisiana to bear one-half of the expense of building the levees. He thus desired to relieve the people of one-half of the expenses. That law was having its full fruition when the civil war unfortunately interfered.

In 1857 he held the important office of auditor of public accounts. Being re-elected, his term of service in all was four years.

Friends have pictured him as he then was, of a manly form and with a cheerful and kindly disposition. He had with a firm lip, expressive of his will, and yet a happy expression, a courageous independence and a principle which yielded to no one for its defiance of disingenuity and dishonesty. It was, indeed, a sad tocsin which called him to our civil war. But the very name of Baton Rouge—a bloody baton—seemed to be contagious. He enrolled himself in the Twenty-seventh Louisiana. A glance at the map will show the significance of the position which he and his compatriots occupied. The forts on the Mississippi, the investiture of Vicksburg, and the strategic importance of the vicinage all suggest that his work was intense, because local. It was, unhappily, a work of war. His baton was the Baton Rouge! The Guards of Iberville were of his home. It was the name of his company. His letters from Vicksburg to his beloved wife are picturesque descriptions of the progress of the siege, out of which he came honorably, courageous, and decorated with a preferment.

But these memories would seem, by the order of time and the clemency of the heart, to be obsolete. The son of the toilsome pioneer; the ambitious child of that pioneer's father; the soldier exiled from home, and returning humbly and modestly to his home after Federal successes and Confederate defeat; the lawyer resuming his meager practice after the woeful struggle in a "lost cause," still he did not succumb to despondency. He yielded nothing to the catastrophes of his life. He never thought of emigration to Mexico or South America. He emerged from these disasters; he came to Congress as a representative of the dominant and patriotic element of his suffering people.

Three times indorsed by his people, sustained by studious and careful practice of his profession and elevated in spirit

by an invincible honesty that no one ever challenged, he was enabled to resume his confidence among his people, though not his service here in the Fiftieth Congress.

It is my recollection, sir, that when he first came here the gentleman near me, Mr. Randall, was our Speaker. He promptly recognized Colonel ROBERTSON'S ability and his local relations, and, I may say, continental relations. He was created chairman of the Committee on Levees. It was the Mississippi that gave him inspiration, and to this he was assigned. The banks of this splendid stream were familiar to his ken. Its trade, its currents, its caprices, he knew. He had seen them from early childhood. Above all, he knew its importance as an avenue out of the heart and industry of inland America. He knew its exit to the ocean. He knew its uses in peace and, alas! he had found its terrible disasters to his people in war. It was his able report, often quoted here for all committees and all wise action, that led to the best consideration of its protection, as a grand channel of transportation as well as a mobile though a lasting band of unity.

When the "Mississippi River Commission" had passed Congress, he exclaimed, "This is the proudest moment of my life."

After this expression he was reminded that he should be careful; that others might claim the credit of securing that for which he had given so much of his time, study, and labor. "Let them," he exclaimed, "say what they will; I care little for the credit. Let the levees be built and my people be made happy!"

It is within my own knowledge, sir, why it was that he failed to be returned to the Forty-eighth Congress. It is within my own knowledge that he was anxious to be vindicated for certain votes and opinions, and why he was

returned to the Fiftieth. I was not here to meet him. I was in another country.

It happens, however, in the order of nature, and by the providence of God, that men like him perpetuate in their offspring their intrinsic virtues. Therefore, the member from Louisiana whom we deplore is not without representation here. His son is within, and worthy of, the seat of his father. I may be permitted to say that the modesty, independence, courtesy, and worth of the son compensate for the loss which the country has sustained in the death of the father.

It will be seen by my brief rehearsal that this man was toughened by experience. These experiences detailed connect him with mountain and river life, with peace and war, and with combats of all kinds. In these conflicts he yielded only to one conqueror—death! For this man, and for every man of every race, death has a sad and sublime imagery. The Arab sees death as a black camel kneeling at the gates of hell; others see death as an angel or houri moving within the gates of orient pearl. Some regard death as a rest of stirless, sleepful majesty, in which the human hero "lies down to pleasant dreams" and to a change which has no further change. Philosophers regard death as a matter of chemistry, and as easy as birth. To most of men is it not a dark and repelling horror—a skeleton, a shadow—and not another life, with roseate bloom of Eden loveliness? To one who has traveled over seas and land it is the end, sir, of a long and tiresome journey, only welcome when at the end, when it is blessed with meeting with the loved ones who have gone before.

Whatever our mortal man be, whether hero, sage, rich, poor, bad, or good, death comes to each and to all as with equal steps. To each and all it comes as a terrific sadness.

How we all strive to avert the great catastrophe which ends our mortal life! I am not, sir, averse to such laws here as look to human life, its liberty and preservation; but when the life is stranded I would, sir, it were on a shore of affection, without blasts or billows! Upon a silent and happy shore I trust our friend has found refuge and felicity.

The Mississippi River, which he endeavored so earnestly to direct and restrain in its channel for purposes of public utility, rolls on, and will ever roll on, with "a perpetual sigh." Its waters are freighted with the atoms of earthly empire, whose organism and independence in the far-off realms of the Upper Missouri we have been discussing the past week.

There is a desolateness upon the banks of the great river as there is upon its sources; but this desolateness is the despair of nature—that so much human courage, chivalric goodness has passed down the stream to the eternal sea with the memory of EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON!

ADDRESS OF MR. HOUK, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. ROBERTSON, to whom this tribute is being paid to-day by this House, was a native of my own State of Tennessee. He came from one of the pioneer and most distinguished families of that State. I first made his acquaintance in the Forty-sixth Congress, and having in my school-boy days learned something of his family and their history, my attention was naturally riveted upon the member from Louisiana. I became pretty well and closely acquainted with him in the business of this House and the legislation of the country in the two Congresses in which he and I served together.

I have prepared no remarks, Mr. Speaker, in the nature of a eulogy upon Colonel ROBERTSON, but knowing him as I did, I felt it to be my duty as one of those who in the providence of God has been permitted to remain and take an active part in the legislation of the country, to which he was so dutiful, while he has passed away—I felt that it was a duty resting upon me as one of his associates upon this floor to bear but a few words of testimony to his worth as a man and his character as a legislator.

In the Forty-seventh Congress I had the honor to preside over the Committee on War Claims of this House, of which he was a member, and I am not saying too much when I declare that Colonel ROBERTSON was one of the most faithful, painstaking, just, and fair-minded men connected with the committee. In this committee work, and of that I only propose to speak now, he was never behind. He was always at the meetings of the committee, and when Colonel ROBERTSON investigated a case he did it without passion, without prejudice or predilection in any direction, except with a heartfelt desire to arrive at a true and just conclusion in regard to its merits. I had occasion to know something of the duties of that committee, and I feel, Mr. Speaker, that it will not be improper for me in this connection to state that if there is any committee in this House where a man's capacity and integrity as well as his industry will be more severely tested and where his parts will be more clearly developed than in the War Claims Committee, I do not know it. I wish to say further, and it is about all I desire to say, that Colonel ROBERTSON never, at any time, while friends, personal friends, political friends, old associates, people whom he had known in more prosperous days, were before the committee, and called upon him for his assistance and aid in their behalf—I have never seen

him in any manner swerve in any direction except to seek to arrive at a just, proper, and an honest conclusion in regard to every question which he was called to adjudicate or decide.

Others have spoken more in detail of his life and character. Mr. Speaker, all I desire to say I have now said, except to add in conclusion that in the providence of God he has gone, and I can only exclaim, in the language of Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Peace to the ashes of Colonel ROBERTSON and rest to his soul.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLAND, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. Speaker, we have paused in the midst of an exciting session to give expression to our grief at the loss of one of our brother members.

Hon. E. W. ROBERTSON is dead. The solemn word death brings to us a contemplation of the great fact that all mankind are doomed to decay and dissolution. Life and death were planted within us at the beginning. Life and death, the two great laws of nature, continue in the struggle for supremacy with the certainty that, however long life may survive the contest, death will ultimately conquer all.

In the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses we heard, as we sat in our seats, on the roll-call of members, the name of our deceased friend. His answer was always clear, distinct, and positive. His voice is no longer heard. His name has been dropped from our rolls; we no longer hear it announced from the Clerk's desk. His name has not been removed from our rolls simply by an order of the House, for we were delighted with his presence and com-

panionship. It has not been erased by his constituency, for they loved to honor him and had re-elected him as a member of the present Congress. He has gone to meet the summons of his God. To this command we must all, sooner or later, bow.

The name of our departed friend has been transcribed from the roll of time to the book of eternity and, we trust, to everlasting life.

I never knew our departed brother until I met him in the Forty-fifth Congress. I served with him in the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses. I had not the pleasure of serving on any committee with him, but in the Forty-seventh Congress my seat was near his. This afforded me the opportunity of a more intimate acquaintance with him, and enabled me to observe his character. I can testify to his genial manners and his social accomplishments, which drew to him many personal friends.

He was always watchful of the proceedings of the House, and never failed to express himself upon a measure when he believed it was his duty to do so; but he was not in the habit of addressing the House merely with the intention of attracting attention. He was a man of good attainments and ability.

He was a useful and faithful Representative of his constituency, but his patriotism embraced the whole country.

I regarded him as a man of strong convictions, great energy, and conscientious in all that he advocated. He was not what we call a brilliant man; he was a sturdy and honest legislator, whose industry and intelligent thought resulted in great good to the country and his constituents. He was cut down by the scythe of time in the midst of a useful career. A laudable ambition to serve one's country and to be useful to mankind in our day is commendable. It is but

natural that we should wish to live in history. But, after all, what is earthly fame? This sad occasion reminds us of the uncertainties of life and of the solemn thought that e'er long its struggles will be over. Who can believe that death is the end? Who can say in his heart, this is all there is of man? Where is the philosopher or seer that can coldly view humanity as the simple output of natural forces, to be relegated to nothingness; the spark of intelligence implanted in man to go out as the lightning's glare or the whistling of the wind? We instinctively revolt at the thought.

No, sir; there is something beyond this life. There must be, in the nature of things, compensation somewhere; we know it is not here. The great disparities in the enjoyment and blessings of this world teach us that somewhere, somehow, there must be an evening up, else justice is a mockery and life itself a curse and a snare.

We can not say to our departed friend, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and leave him food for the worms, shut up in the gloom of eternal night. The soul has separated itself from its earthly prison, and why not, if life, the spirit or the soul, can live in our frail bodies, and that body perish, who can say that the spirit has not entered in another form and resumed an existence of a higher order and a happier state?

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Address of Mr. Springer, of Illinois.

Mr. Speaker, Edward White Robertson was born in the State of Tennessee in 1823, but in his infancy his parents removed to Louisiana, where he continued to reside until the day of his death. He received a collegiate education, and entered upon a course of legal studies just at the beginning of the Mexican war. Like many of the noblest youths of this country at that time, he volunteered as a private to serve in that war, and took part in that contest as a member of the Second Louisiana Volunteers. Returning to his home, he entered the law school of the University of Louisiana and graduated in 1850. In the mean time he had been elected a member of the lower house of the Louisiana legislature, where he rapidly rose to distinction in his State. He was re-elected to the same position, and afterwards was twice elected auditor of the State.

In 1862 he entered the Confederate service as captain of a company, and served until the fall of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, when he was captured by the Union forces. He did not again return to the military service. At the close of the war he resumed the practice of the law, and continued to follow that profession until elected to the Forty-fifth Congress. He was re-elected to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Fiftieth Congresses, but died before the assembling of the latter Congress. It was my pleasure to serve with him in the three Congresses in which he was a member. I found him an earnest, conscientious man, of more than ordinary ability, of most exemplary habits and pleasing manner.

He did not take so prominent a part in the debates as did some other members, but when he spoke he always com-

manded the attention of the House, and favorably impressed all who heard him. That which most attracted my attention and gained my admiration for him was the earnestness of his manner and the deep conviction of right which actuated him. Such earnestness and candor are always indicative of honesty and a strict regard for the dictates of conscience. He was not an orator in the sense that oratory consists in well-rounded periods and high-sounding words; but he was an orator in the sense that oratory consists in a clear statement of the facts and deductions therefrom in reference to the matter under consideration. When he had stated the facts and had drawn his conclusions he resumed his seat and left to others that elaboration which more frequently detracts from the strength of one's position than otherwise.

He was a man of high sense of honor—a gentleman in the truest sense of that word. He was courteous to his fellow-members, and in turn commanded the highest respect and deference of all with whom he came in contact. He was free from concealment, free from cunning and deception of every kind. He was frank and outspoken, leaving nothing in doubt as to his true position.

He was attentive to his official duties, rarely absent from his seat in the House, and earnestly devoted to the service of his constituents and to the people. His frequent election to positions of honor and public trust attests the esteem and admiration in which he was held by the people of Louisiana, where he had resided from his infancy. He leaves behind him a record of official integrity, of personal purity, and of patriotic devotion to the public weal. His memory will be cherished by all who knew him; his loss will be mourned by a large circle of friends and relatives, and his State will place his name in the list of those who have rendered her faithful and patriotic service.

Mr. ROBERTSON was the grandson of General James Robertson, who was one of the pioneers of Virginia and Tennessee, having been born in Virginia in 1742. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and his character was marked by the peculiarities of both races. The grandfather was one of the most conspicuous of the pioneers of the Revolutionary period, and was engaged in numerous Indian wars, enduring great hardships and performing many heroic deeds. On one occasion, at the head of a colony of two hundred and fifty men, in an exposed position, harassed by the Cherokee Indians, his companions were fast deserting him and seeking safer locations. He did not reproach them, but said:

> Each one should do what seems to him his duty. As for myself, my station is here, and here I shall stay if every man of you deserts me.

And he did stay. His declaration on this occasion was not only characteristic of himself but of his grandson, whose loss we deplore and whose virtues we commemorate this day. Where duty called, there was found EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON. It mattered not to him what others might do or say. He took a firm stand for the right and adhered to his resolution, no matter whether he was supported or deserted by others.

One of the most striking and appropriate tributes to his memory which his late constituents have conferred upon him was in the election of his son, with great unanimity, as his successor as a member of this House. But to do this required, happily, no letting down of the high standard which should prevail in choosing Representatives in Congress. The son is worthy of his sire, as his sire was worthy of his illustrious grandfather.

True greatness consists in doing one's duty. In whatever station of life that duty may be, he who performs it well has

done all that man or God requires. In the service of the state that which is most requisite for stability of government and the prosperity of the people is—

> Men who their duties know,
> But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.

Such a man was our deceased brother. And now, having ended his public service, having performed his whole duty to his State, his country, and his fellow-men, we commend his spirit to the favor and fellowship of his Creator.

Address of Mr. Wilkinson, of Louisiana.

Mr. Speaker, with the sun fast sinking in the west and the hours of the Fiftieth Congress fast flying to its close, we have laid aside for a time the ordinary routine of legislation to pay a last tribute to one whose hours on earth are over, but whose life of kindly deeds, of able efforts, and patriotic actions lingers in memory still as the light lingers in the evening sky after the day has gone.

Sir, the words are not idle, the phrases are not empty, the tribute is not unearned which we pause this afternoon to offer to the memory of Edward White Robertson.

Elected from central Louisiana to the Fiftieth Congress by a large majority, he died three months before it assembled. A devoted constituency, with high regard for his faithful service in the past, sent a son to sit in the father's stead. The members of this House from other States than Louisiana, whose public life on this floor commenced with the Fiftieth Congress, did not know the father upon whose death the son was selected to fill the uncompleted term. Hence the eulogies that have so far been pronounced have

been uttered by friends of former years, by comrades and fellow-members of the Congresses before this. Full of detail as these eulogies have been, full as they have been of respect and appreciation, of affection and esteem, I can add but little more, and a part of that little will be a repetition of what has been already said.

Edward W. Robertson was born about sixty-six years ago, near Nashville, in Tennessee, a State then as now the mother of noble sons. He was brought by his parents, when a child of two years, to that beautiful region of Louisiana on the banks of the Mississippi River to which Iberville gave his name. He was educated in Louisiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee. As a young collegian, he took front rank in the lecture room and was a leader in manly sports. On coming of age he determined to be a lawyer, but had scarcely begun his legal studies when he laid them aside to serve on the battle-fields of Mexico. From thence he is next found occupying a seat in the legislature at the early age of twenty-four. Graduating afterwards in law, in which he enjoyed a successful practice, he was elected again to the legislature, then to the position of State auditor, to which he was re-elected in 1858.

Such were, in brief, the chief incidents of his life up to the beginning of the civil war. In that tremendous conflict, which showed, through blood and agony, through desolation and tears, that the Constitution as the fathers made it was not a sufficient bond of union, and that for the perpetuation of the Union hereafter citizenship and its inherent obligation, allegiance, must be extended so as to make the citizen a citizen not of the State alone, but of the United States—in that tremendous conflict, amid those tragic scenes, he was an earnest and an active participant. He marched, fought, and endured side by side with his neighbors, his friends, and his

countrymen, and like them, when defeat came, devoted his energies to healing the ghastly wounds that war had made.

Recognizing the ability with which he had served in so many stations, it is not remarkable that he was selected by his people in 1876 as a candidate for membership in this House. Elected in that year to the Forty-fifth Congress, he was re-elected to the Forty-sixth, again to the Forty-seventh, and once more, after an interval, to the Fiftieth Congress, and would have taken his seat on this floor, after being elected for the fourth time, had not death ended forever his legislative career.

He would have come no stranger here; but would have been among friends, some of whom served with him for six years, who loved his genial qualities and repected his mental attainments, and who have told this evening in glowing terms of his virtues and his worth.

I shall not attempt, Mr. Speaker, to add to what they have said about his legislative career. Words from the lips of those who served with him through all that period, tributes offered by those who were engaged with him, on one side or the other, in legislative contests oft and earnest, are more precious than any that I could utter or I could offer.

I knew, but not intimately, the colleague for whom we mourn; for the generation of public men in Louisiana among whom he moved and by whom he was best known was my father's more than mine. I well knew, however, of the esteem in which he was held, not only in the district which so often honored him, but by the people of the whole State, whose faithful public servant he had also been.

It would have been singular, indeed, had he not been held in high esteem. As a soldier who served with gallantry in two wars, as a civilian who adorned every station which he had filled, what right had he not won to honor and

esteem? Twice sent to the legislature; elected again and again to a high State office; four times selected as a Representative in Congress, his record in all these positions bears no mark of calumny or of shame. It is white and unsullied as the marble slab that marks his tomb.

My dead colleague lived a life and held a creed which in great measure robbed the dread hereafter of its terrors; but making life on earth pleasant to others, as he did, he had a keen appreciation of its joys himself. A wise counselor, an earnest advocate, an able legislator, ever zealous for the interests that clients or constituents had committed to his care, his love for manly sports gave at times fresh zest to his labors in their behalf. He loved to breathe the open air outside of courts and legislative halls. He loved the woods and fields, the shady dells where crystal streams and placid pools seemed made for lovers of the angler's art. He loved the chase. The whirr of wild fowls' wings, the notes of hunter's horn, the deep baying of hounds in close pursuit, all made sweet melody to his ears.

But now, alas, the hand that was skilled with rod or pen alike, the voice that moved juries or contended for right and justice before the courts where the law is interpreted, or here where the laws are made, that hand is motionless, that voice is hushed in death.

When last in this Chamber he sat yonder full of life and vigor, and looking forward to many years more of usefulness. To-day he sleeps on a distant hillside, a thousand miles and more away.

Close by that silent form is the home to which happiness and sunshine ever came when he was near. Not far off the white towers of the State capitol, where thirty years ago he served, lift their lofty summits, fit emblems of the uprightness of his life. Near by, also, flows the great river whose

banks witnessed his childhood's early sports, and to deepen whose shallows and control whose mighty floods were given his manhood's grandest efforts.

While he sleeps so silent there, the phenomena of nature will go on in their appointed courses just the same as if he and all the hosts who sleep with him had never lived or never died. The days will continue to come and go in splendor, with dawn's red light and sunset's blush. The nights will ever gem the sky with stars. The seasons, as in all time, will mantle the earth with bloom or verdue, will deck the fields with harvests or shroud them with snow. And as the hours and days and seasons come and go, by a kind provision for our hapiness, time will dull, as it ever does, the keen edge of grief. In the years that are to come it may be, it must be, a consolation to the sons and daughters now grown to man's and woman's estate—to her who has been left to go down the path alone without the dear companion with whom she "climbed the hill thegither"—it must be some solace to them to feel that the priceless heritage of a name honored, esteemed, and beloved is theirs.

Sorrow for his loss did not come to them alone, for when their dearest companion, counselor, and protector was taken, not only was a loving husband and devoted father lost to them, but the State was deprived of an able and a faithful representative, poverty and distress were reft of a kind and sympathetic friend, justice lost a devoted champion, patriotism a bright ornament, Christianity a conspicuous exemplar.

Mr. BLANCHARD. I now move the adoption of the resolutions.

The motion was agreed to.

And then, on motion of Mr. Blanchard (at 5 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

FEBRUARY 15, 1889.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. In pursuance of arrangement under an announcement heretofore made, the Chair lays before the Senate a message from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *January* 19, 1889.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That in his demise the country has suffered the loss of a wise legislator, a valuable citizen, and an able and faithful public servant.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. GIBSON. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask that they be read.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate shares with the House of Representatives in its expressions of sorrow at the death of Hon. EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON, lately a Representative in that body from the State of Louisiana.

Resolved, That, as a mark of sympathy toward the family of the deceased, the Secretary of the Senate will transmit to them a copy of these proceedings.

Address of Mr. Gibson, of Louisiana.

Mr. President, I must ask Senators to turn aside from their accustomed duties and solicitudes, from the turmoil of political strife and the heats of strenuous debates, to join in commemorating the public life and character of a servant of the people who but a short time ago, eager as the most zealous among the representatives in Congress to promote the public welfare, was called to answer the universal summons that shall come to all, in private life or in public employment, rich or poor, old or young, to render the final account of his stewardship upon earth. Louisiana mourns the death of an honored and ever faithful representative, and around her gather in generous sympathy her sister States while she places emblems of her sorrow and affection upon the tomb of her beloved son.

Hon. Edward White Robertson, after a long and useful public career in many positions of importance and responsibility under the government of the State, and after completing three terms as a Representative in Congress, and while a Representative-elect for the fourth term, departed this life, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, at Baton Rouge, the capital of the State, on Au ust 2, 1887, surrounded by his bereaved and loving family.

The governor of the State in fitting terms announced the sad event to the people, and all classes from the town and from the neighboring country poured forth on the day of his funeral to testify their grateful sense of his public services and their appreciation of his personal character and worth. Groups of scarred veterans, his old comrades in the Mexican and civil wars, who had shared with him the joys of the

bivouac and the privations and hardships of many sieges and campaigns, and had passed with him through the fiery furnaces of many battles, came to lay upon his grave the immortelles of love and grief. The members of the bar of which he had been an ornament assembled and adopted suitable resolutions expressive of the esteem in which he was held as an upright, safe, learned, and eloquent jurist and advocate.

Hon. E. W. ROBERTSON was descended from those sturdy pioneers who, after the war for independence, in which they had contributed without stint their blood and treasure, crossed over the mountains to found new American commonwealths in the trackless wilderness inhabited by cruel savages. They bore as their birthright the cherished principles of religious and constitutional freedom, and an aptitude for organization and a knowledge of affairs that enabled them to build up in this western country commonwealths that quickly attracted immigration and that soon became well-settled communities—republics modeled on the older States and members of the Federal Union, on an equal footing with them. They constituted a remarkable class of men—bold, honest, just, benevolent, sagacious, enterprising; familiar with the state papers of that day—papers that set forth more fully and clearly than any, perhaps, had done before the true elements of popular liberty, the wise and necessary limitations upon the people as well as upon governments, the essential principles of our constitutional system, with all its divisions of powers, checks, and balances. They and their fathers had read the Declaration of Independence, and had resolved with the patriots of 1776 to make good its words with their lives; and they had listened with eager and enlightened interest to all the discussions on popular government in their neighborhood during and after

the war of the Revolution. Many, of course, were unlettered, but most of them were well educated for the times, and adhered with stubborn fidelity to their convictions. They were familiar with the Federalist, Plutarch's Lives, Rollin's Greece, Shakespeare, and the History of England.

Their lives were simple and noble—free from ostentations; their standards were taken from the best types, on which Washington himself was modeled, and many among them would have been welcomed as true knights at the round table of King Arthur—

> To teach high thought, and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Above all, they drew their ideas of right and duty not from speculative writers, but from the original fountain. They were accustomed daily to gather their entire households around the evening fireside in their humble homes and read aloud a chapter in the Bible, or if the head of the family did not do so, either his brave and gentle wife or daughter, companions of the labors and dangers of pioneer life, would perform the task; and thus it came to pass that the Ten Commandments and Christ's Sermon on the Mount formed the corner-stone of their faith and the firm foundation of their private and public virtues whereon governments of law, courts, schools, colleges, and churches, and the enduring ligaments that bind communities to concord and prosperity, freedom and stability, were finally established and made fast.

Conspicuous among the pioneers of the State of Tennessee was General James Robertson, the grandfather of the recently deceased Representative. His own father, the late William Blount Robertson, soon after the birth of his son, Edward White Robertson, following the march of immi-

gration, made his home in Louisiana, on the banks of the Mississippi River, in the parish of Iberville, where he and his descendants, always occupying positions of the highest respectability in private life, became leaders of the people in all the important questions vitally affecting the public welfare.

In Hon. E. W. ROBERTSON were developed to the highest degree those characteristics and traits that had marked the pioneers, tempered by larger opportunities and wider associations. Whenever occasion permitted he sought recreation from the cares and responsibilities of a busy life, from the engrossing exactions of the law, and the still more absorbing occupations of a Congressional career, among the pine-clad hills and along the clear running streams of eastern Louisiana, with his rod and gun and dog, and friends who knew him and loved him, not so much for his talent and public services, though these were highly appreciated, as for his joy in the chase and his devotion to sports that develop frankness and kindness and sympathy in our associations with our fellow-men.

Hon. E. W. ROBERTSON was zealous in his attention to public duties and discharged with distinguished ability the responsibilities of his position as a Representative. He had hardly been sworn in as a member of the Forty-fifth Congress when the Speaker, Hon. Samuel J. Randall, conferred upon him the unprecedented honor of the appointment to be chairman of the Committee on Levees and Mississippi River, and in that high position he rendered inestimable service. Captain Eads had promulgated a theory which had been applied for deepening the mouth of the Mississippi River successfully, and the representatives of the Mississippi Valley had sought to have it extended for the improvement of the river from its mouth to the highlands. In this great

undertaking, from the time he became a member of the House, no one was more active or took a more conspicuous part than Hon. E. W. ROBERTSON as chairman of the committee, and his name will long be remembered by the people of Louisiana with gratitude and affection.

As a lawyer he was trustworthy and learned; as a soldier he was brave and skillful; as a Representative he was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties and able and sagacious in shaping legislation; as a man he was pure and confiding. He died leaving a spotless name. He still lives in the grateful memory of his people, in the respect and admiration of his associates in public life, and in the person of an honored son who now fills the chair he left vacant in the House of Representatives.

ADDRESS OF MR. EUSTIS, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. President, the eulogies which have been delivered upon the life and public services of Hon. EDWARD W. ROBERTSON, late a Representative from the State of Louisiana, by his former associates in the House have been so extended that I do not feel called upon to repeat anything that has been said. I simply rise to bear testimony to the fact that the praise and admiration which have been expressed by those who have spoken because of the death of that honored Representative are fully deserved by his memory.

I knew the deceased well and intimately. I am familiar with the place which he occupies in the affections of the people of Louisiana. I am familiar with the public services which he rendered to that State. I know how deeply and sincerely his loss is regretted. And I know that the reason

why he was so much respected and so frequently honored by the people of Louisiana was because he always deserved the full measure of their affection and of their confidence.

He was a man who was fond of public service and public life. In that respect he was a typical American. He believed that ambition to be laudable which found expression in a desire and a readiness always to obey whatever call was made upon him by the people of Louisiana. He died, as it was expected that he would die, in the public service, honored by a trusting constituency.

He was a man of simple tastes, of rugged honesty, carrying with him from what was then a Western State those habits, those tastes, those methods, those aspirations which were peculiar to the people of the State from which he emigrated. He came to Louisiana to seek his fortune among what was then considered a strange and almost alien population. With them, because of the difference in their habits, education, traditions, and foreign ancestry, he found himself willing and ready to form an immediate, cordial, and sympathetic association; and I remember, Mr. President, that the last time I had occasion to make a canvass of the State of Louisiana I was called upon to make a speech in French; and Colonel ROBERTSON, although he looked and talked and acted and thought like a pure, unadulterated Anglo-Saxon, when called upon was able to make a speech in that difficult and polished language.

I refer to that circumstance to show that he was a man who was always ready to secure any of those accomplishments and any of those acquirements which would render him useful and sympathetic to the people whom he was called upon to serve, for a large number of his constituents were what are known as creoles; that is, the French-speaking portion of the State of Louisiana, a warm-hearted and

refined population, who justly esteem it a compliment when an American acquires their mother tongue, for which they manifest a sincere attachment and a pardonable pride.

Mr. President, I can add nothing by mere formal expression, by the mere use of language, by the mere composition of phraseology, to this fact, which will stand out boldly in the history of Louisiana, that Colonel ROBERTSON was a tried, faithful, honest, and able public servant. The people of that State have been called upon to undergo many trials and many tribulations. There have been situations, there have been conditions in the history of the people of that State which required from those who were placed in a position to give counsel to that people, or to stand in the attitude of a guide and a leader, qualities representing the highest and best type of manhood, of courage, of political earnestness, political morality, and political sagacity.

He was one of those men who in the darkest hours, when there was scarcely a silver lining to the cloud that overhung the almost hopeless destinies of that people, never lost heart, never lost courage, but always, standing forth in the front light, was willing to assume leadership in the public and popular councils, showing by his stern example that right and justice could be secured under the form of government to which we are all attached.

His memory will live among his old associates and among the younger generation, for the mantle which was worn so worthily and with so much dignity and with so much pride by Hon. E. W. ROBERTSON has fallen upon a worthy son, who now represents the State of Louisiana in the House of Representatives.

Colonel ROBERTSON left to his family the priceless heritage of a spotless and unsullied name. I need say nothing more.

Address of Mr. Reagan, of Texas.

Mr. President, I shall do little more than second the adoption of the resolutions before the Senate which were proposed by the Senator from Louisiana [Mr. Gibson].

It was my privilege to serve in the House of Representatives with Mr. Robertson for six years and to have more or less intimate acquaintance and association with him there.

I realize, under circumstances like these, the futility of words in the expression of our sorrow for the loss of friends. I can say truly, with the Senators who have spoken so feelingly of him, that Mr. Robertson in the discharge of his duty as a Representative was faithful, earnest, sincere, and that his convictions were strong upon every subject with which he had to deal. No man had more of the respect of those who were associated with him, and no man, perhaps, deserved that respect more than he.

Mr. President, there is a lesson in events like this which should not be lost upon ourselves. In the transaction of the business with which we are connected we very often attach great importance to our own action—to what we are doing in this world and in our country. We should never lose sight of the fact that very soon we, like our honored friend, will only be remembered as of the past—that the places which know us now shall know us no more, and that whatever we do for good or for evil will soon be forgotten by men. If we could take this lesson more frequently to ourselves in our relations to one another and to the great business of the country, I am persuaded that more charity, more virtue, more love of our kind and of our country would animate our hearts.

I once heard a thoughtful man say to a Representative in the other branch of Congress, who was about to return to Washington for the discharge of his duties, that he understood he was in the habit of working very hard in Congress. That gentleman observed that he found many duties to perform and endeavored to perform them. It was the father-in-law of the member who spoke to him, and who said to him, "From what I learn, you are likely to kill yourself by your application to duty; and what I have to say to you is that when you are dead the world will go on just as it does now, and soon you will be forgotten."

This was a strong way of putting that suggestion by a father-in-law to his son-in-law, but it is one that each of us may well take to himself as a most valuable lesson.

Mr. President, no one appreciated more highly than myself the character, the ability, the worth, and the patriotism of Mr. ROBERTSON. If we had more such men we should have a better country than we have, we should be more disinterested, fair-minded, brave, earnest, and sincere.

Mr. President, I second the adoption of the resolutions of the Senator from Louisiana.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on the resolutions offered by the Senator from Louisiana [Mr. Gibson].

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

Mr. GIBSON. I offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of EDWARD WHITE ROBERTSON, the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 33 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

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